gathered up by one of the *Nang-Li* people, and the crowd opened to let the brown ponies through.

They were being persuaded to trot as the third siren blew. Poor old one hundred and three! In how many ports had he heard that siren and thought perhaps the next would be Canton! How much, perhaps, while we junketed in Papeete, he had longed to hear it! Or perhaps he had ceased to reckon time or know its meaning. At any rate he will rest very quietly here, in a Chinese cemetery, surrounded by Chinese; and if, as he believed, his spirit ranges where he passed, he will not find Tahiti more unfamiliar than he would have found Canton.